



Tom Browne

A REPROBATE.

Teacher. "WELL, TOM, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

Tom. "PLEASE, 'M, I'M GOING TO THE BAND OF 'OPE."

Teacher. "AND IS LITTLE WILLIE GOING TOO? OR IS HE TOO YOUNG TO BELONG TO THE BAND OF HOPE?"

Tom. "NO, 'M, IT'S NOT THAT; BUT HE AIN'T A TEETOTALLER!"

THE HARBOUR OF REFUGE.

[The conviction that every girl ought to have a sitting-room of her own where she may escape the strain of perpetual companionship with the rest of the family, has prompted a member of the "Society of Women Artists," in Bond Street, to design a "Boudoir Bedroom" which, according to the *Daily Mail*, will solve the problem of the "discontented daughter" in flat life.]

In days of old, we're often told
By reminiscient mothers,
Girls played the rôles of selfless souls,
And only thought of others;
They did not shirk domestic work,
Were never cross or snappy,
But all the while they wore a smile
That made the whole house happy.

They loved to sit and sew or knit
And chat together brightly;
When Mother spoke, these angel folk
All listened most politely.

They brought Papa his slippers—Bah!

A fig, say we, for that life!
At least we're sure none could endure
That sort of thing in flat life.

Where'er you look, in every nook,
Relations swarm before you.
Escape is none. You cannot shun
The sights and sounds that bore
you.

However high your soul would fly,
She soon comes earthwards tumbling
On hearing JAMES call KATIE names,
Or ISABELLA grumbling.

Here Mother pours her ceaseless stores
Of idle tittle-tattle.
There Dad delights to prose, and fights
The dismal fiscal battle.
When out of touch, to see so much
Of relatives is wearing—
We find the strain on soul and brain
Is quite beyond all bearing.

But that's to end, for we intend
To have our rooms refurbished;
A dainty screen becomes at e'en
A bed all bright and burnished;
That picturesque book-case-cum-desk
A toilet set will show forth,
While all the tomes are filled with combs,
Pins, powder-pots and so forth.

By one's own fire one may retire
To maiden meditation,
Far from the noise of foolish boys
And idle conversation:
Here one may see, relation-free,
One's ownest owns in quiet,
And talk at will of chiffon, frill,
And shops which one should buy at.

WHY are the Superintendents of the
L. C. & S. E. stations, Dover and Victoria,
likely to become very wealthy men?
Because they're always receiving
Royalties and sovereigns.

PERKS AND THE PROMISE OF SPRING.

[Mr. R. W. PERKS, M.P., in opening a Free Methodist bazaar, is reported by the *Daily Chronicle* to have remarked that "he was sorry to see that when the Rev. Mr. CAMPBELL wanted to go to Court he asked the Bishop of London to present him. What would have been said in days gone by if Puritan preachers . . . had asked Archbishop LAUD to present them to King CHARLES? Mr. CAMPBELL would have been far better advised had he asked the veteran leader of London Nonconformity, Dr. GUTHRIE ROGERS . . . to introduce him to King EDWARD, instead of hanging on to the apron-strings of an Anglican Bishop."]

Now through the slough of bursting seeds
The vital sap begins to hurtle;
Now Nature doffs her winter weeds
And dons her gaudy-coloured kirtle;

Now to the thrush's limpid lay,
Encored for joy in throbbing quavers,
With gold and purple bravely gay
The crocus flaunts his regal favours.

It is the piping time of bards,
When every little fledgling hummer
Still superstitiously regards
Spring as the harbinger of summer.

It is the time when Cupid's choirs
Announce a course of love-recitals,
Responsive to the usual fires
New-lit in adolescent vitals.

And, in the swift infectious glow
That makes you even love your neighbours,
Our very Churches seem to grow
Less keen on crossing ghostly sabres.

Yet, as beneath the rose there lurks
A latent element of iramblé,
So with the Spring comes Mr. PERKS
Scratching the eyes of Mr. CAMPBELL.

Within the City Temple's bound
What heresy has dared to enter,
That he should leap from underground
Dissenting from a co-dissenter?

That reverend politician's soul
What blight has marred? what moral blister?
Has he renounced his leading rôle
Of Passive, but Superb, Resister?

Has he denied his Liberal past?
Or, envious of a rival Triton,
Secured, by way of counterblast,
The old Aquarium down at Brighton?

No! he has done a deadlier thing
Than paying rates or buying fish up;
He's been to bow before the KING,
Conducted by (O Heaven!) a Bishop!

Why could not one of his own creed,
Like Dr. ROGERS—not to mention
R. W. P.—have done the deed
Without his Laudship's intervention?

See how the lure of Satan works
Through lust of social pride and sleekness,
Striking the uncorrupted PERKS
Pink with contempt for human weakness!

Ah, Sir! the Spring that binds her spell
About the beasts and feathered creatures,
Woo also you; you might as well
Relax awhile your Christian features.

But if her voice appeals in vain;
If you ignore the lambkin's bleating,
And that inveterate refrain
That marks the cuckoo's vernal greeting;—

If still you grudge the Spring her due,
And Earth her claims as common Mother—
Think how it cheers the Lord High HUGH
To see dissenters bruise each other! O. S.

FIRST AID TO ARTISTS.

A COLLECTION of poetic extracts, intended to serve as Picture Titles for Painters and Photographers, has been compiled by Mr. A. L. BALDWIN. They are arranged in various sections, e.g., Landscape, Figure, Marine, Sport, &c. These we feel constrained to supplement with further quotations from well-known sources in view of the imminence of "Sending-in Day."

Examples:—
Domestic.

FIGURE.

Thanks for your feed of MESSLAY's milk,
It did me good—my coat 's like silk;
And now I'm sound in limb and brain
I'll never drink skim milk again.

Cat-o—ADDISON.

Fanciful.

It is everything nowadays to possess an attractive
kink in the hair. Rape of the Lock—POPE.

Imaginative.

Two years ago I used your soap, since when I
have used no other. Cackle—PUNCH.

Nude and Draped.

I hear they want more bow, frill and fichu.
Ode to Propriety—TUPPER.

They won't wash clothes.
Fragment—SAPPHO.

Retrospective.

She recalls the delightful Teaze of thirty years ago.
Pleasures of Memory—ROGERS.

LANDSCAPE.

Atmospheric effects.

Try Our Desiccated Pea-soup.
The Fogg Papers—ANON.

Rustic and Pastoral.

Call a Spade a Spade and our Poetic Extract
Perfection. All in the Day's Work—KIPLING.

Wide Prospects.

When you travel by the train,
Posters occupy the plain.
Lines written in Dejection near Ashford—ALFRED AUSTIN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sport, and Animal Life.

They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Swan and the Jay and the Owl and the Hen.
The Birds—ARISTOPHANES.

The dog is in the bedstead,
The cat is in the lake,
The cow is in the hammock—
What difference does it make?
From a Song-cycle—SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

Political.

High on the Fence sits Fiscal JIM—
Which way the cat 'll jump worries him!
Ode to My England Distracted—WILLIAM WATSON.



THE PROGRESSIVE OLD MAN OF THE (L.C.)C.

L.C.C. (to LONDON RATEPAYER). "WHAT! DON'T LIKE AN EXTRA PENNY IN THE POUND?
THEN WHY DID YOU PUT ME UP HERE?"



THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE CITY TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY J. B. H. [Name]



"FOR EVERY WHY HE HAD A WHEREFORE."

'Arry (about to mount hack-hunter with hicker's badge on). "ERE, GUV'NOR! WOT'S THAT BIT OF RED RIBBON ON 'IS TAIL FOR?"

Jobmaster. "OH, THAT AIN'T NOTHING. YOU SEE WE LETS OUT A LOT OF 'OSSIES 'ERE, AND WE WANTS A LITTLE BIT O' SOMETHING TO IDENTIFY 'EM BY!"

THE MISSING NAME COMPETITION.

ALL BLANKS—NO PRIZES.

A TANTALISING feature in the recently published letters of Lord ACTON to Miss MARY GLADSTONE is the frequent substitution of blanks for the most interesting names, *e.g.*,

"GOSCHEN is above sordid motives. He dreads the Radicals, detests —, despises —."

As a supplement to his Happy Evening Competitions, Mr. *Punch* submits a few paragraphs written in discreet Actonese by another diarist, and he asks his readers to spend their Easter holidays in filling in the blanks.

I met — at dinner last night. We discussed the War Office scheme. He said he thought it very unfair that — had not consulted him as to its publication, but he believed it to be the case that influenza affected the memory. — was a clever fellow, and had written a great deal on matters connected with national defence, but he had never

attended any German manoeuvres, at least not in uniform, and the EMPEROR had not decorated him with the Order of the —.

I saw CHAMBERLAIN to-day at the —'s. He discussed the situation with his usual frankness. He thought that at the next Election the — would come in with a moderate majority, but that if — consented to serve under the — as Premier, and — accepted a peerage, a working Administration might be formed.

I found SIDNEY LEE reading —'s last novel. He says it is the most terrible nonsense he can remember. I reminded him of —'s greatly-praised book, *The — of —*. But he persists that he will be —ed if —'s new book is not worse.

I had a long letter from CURZON to-day. His views on the reconstruction of the Cabinet are most interesting. The sending of — to the — Office he considers to be the most extraordinary

appointment on record, and will give him a splendid opportunity for the exercise of the fine art of bearing fools gladly. Of his own prospects he does not speak with enthusiasm. As he puts it, "Fancy coming back after ruling India to be heckled in the House by —."

I ran into SARGENT at Scotland Yard this morning. He says he has been painting —, and has had a very undesirable experience. — seems to be intensely vain, and would insist on getting up every few minutes to see how his beauty was progressing. S. at last had to call in — to hold him down. S. has also painted — and —, all of Park Lane, for the large room at the next Academy. It will be known as the Jerusalem Chamber.

The name of "MILNER" was at the commencement of last century associated with a little work entitled "The End of Controversy." Nowadays the same name seems to imply being the cause of it.

THE LATEST MAGAZINES.

Fired by the success of Mr. C. B. Fry's Magazine and other personal periodicals, a number of our leading public men are plunging into the arena. The following first numbers are announced this week:—

THE BRODDER ARROW AND ESHER COMMENTATOR.

A POWDER MAGAZINE.
Edited by the Rt. Hon. St. John Brodriek, M.P.

Special Features.**PARS ABOUT MARS.**

By the Editor.

First instalment of the Great Serial Story.

THE THREE WARLOCKS;

OR, **ESHER, FISHER AND CLARKE.**

By St. J. B.

MASTER MEDDLERS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—**LORD ESHER.**

C.B.'S MAGAZINE.

THE EVENING CASTIGATOR.
Edited by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, M.P.

Look out for

TALES FROM THE TABERNACLE.

By Uncle Archibald.

I.—**PRETTY FANNY'S CURES AND WHY; OR, WHO SPILT THE MILK?**

MAGNETIC PERSONALITIES.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—**LORD MILNER.**

THE GUILLEMOT.

A NEW HIGH-CLASS WEEKLY.

Edited by Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.

The First Number will contain the opening article of a Series entitled **FROM RUNG TO RUNG.**

By the Editor.

The other contents will comprise:

SUPERB TOILERS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—**SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.**

Illustrated with Portrait of Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.

REELED CONVERSATIONS.

By William Archer.

I.—**SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.**

Illustrated with Portrait of Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.

Ready April 1.

PRICE ONE GUINEA.

JESSOP'S JOURNAL.

AN ORGAN OF CRICKET REFORM.

Edited by Gilbert Jessop, C.B.

Read the Editor's sensational Article, **"SHOULD ROLLERS BE RUBBER-TYRED?"**

"CRICKET AT THE VATICAN."

A New Series by Hall Caine.

I.—**THE FIVE CARDINAL POINTS.**

MASTER EDITORS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—**Mr. C. B. Fry.**

THE HUGH AND CRY.

THE FREE TRADE INTELLIGENCER.

Edited by Lord Hugh Cecil.

Special Features.**RELATIVES WITH WHOM I DISAGREE.**

By the Editor.

I.—**THE PREMIER.**

THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

By T. Gibson Bowles, M.P.

I.—**THE HOTEL CECIL.**

GREAT HEARTS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—**DR. CLIFFORD.**

WINSTON'S WEEKLY.

With which is incorporated the **OLDHAM FREE LANCE.**

Edited by Winston Churchill, M.P.

WHO'S HUGH?

By Raymond Blatherskits.

WHY I AM NOT IN THE CABINET.

By the Editor.

CAVES AND THEIR FORMATION.

By the Editor.

MASTER WRECKERS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—**MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.**

CHESTERTON'S CHEST NOTES.

A BUDGET OF PARADOXES.

Edited by G. K. Chesterton.

EDITORIALS.

ON THE BLACKNESS OF WHITE.

EVERY STRAY ACTION A HABIT.

THE TAMBURLAINE OF TOOTING.

BROWNING'S POST IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

HENRY J.'S WOODNOTES WILD.

A MUSICAL MEDLEY.

Edited by Henry J. Wood.

Original compositions by—

GENERAL KUROPATKIN.

GOVERNOR BOBRICOFF.

ADMIRAL ALEXIEFF.

MAXIMS AND MINIMS.

By Maxim Gorky.

THE BUTTERFLY TIE AS A FACTOR IN INTERPRETATIVE ART.

By Mrs. Rosa Neumarch.

MAJESTIC MINSTRELS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—**MADAME CLARA BUTT.**

A. A. A.

(ALL ABOUT AUTHORS.)

Edited by Mrs. Alec Tweedie.

Don't read any more books; read about the brainy people who write them.

CONTENTS OF No. I.**MR. THOMAS HARDY'S FOUNTAIN PEN.**

A Realistic Description, with Diagrams.

By Annie S. Swan.

WHAT AUTHORS LIKE FOR LUNCH.

A Census of Literary Preferences.

By the Editor.

MASSIVE MINDS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—**MR. MAX PEMBERTON.**

AN ITALIAN PARADISE.

Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX at Villa Le Queux.

(With Glossary of Italian Phrases.)

By Douglas Sladen.

TWO OTHER FEATURES.

A critical analysis of recent literature, giving weight, colour, and number of pages of every book published in 1904.

Special Coloured Supplement, consisting of a superb plate reproduction of an old suit of Mr. MEREDITH'S.

THE WIRE-PULLERS.

I.—**THE MANIPULATOR OF PUBLICS.**

As I sat at lunch in a Strand restaurant a gentleman at my table called somewhat ostentatiously for more ice. He was a small man; one would describe him as dapper; he was almost painfully alert, and his manner of eating showed him to be methodical to a fault. He seemed to do nothing that was not absolutely necessary. I felt certain that in his business hours he used the sharply waxed ends of his moustache for bill-files.

More ice was brought, and he lighted a cigarette. After a puff or two he held the end which he had put to his mouth against a block of ice. Then he smoked again and then repeated the operation, with a side glance at me. He caught my eye.

"Why do you do that?" I inquired, "if the question is not impertinent."

"Not at all," he answered. "To be candid, I wanted you to ask. A client of mine intends shortly to place on the market an iced cigarette. I am creating a demand for it."

"That's very friendly of you."

"I said client, not friend," he returned sharply. "Creating demands is my profession. I am a Manipulator of Publics."

"Never heard of them."

"Probably not. That's because you don't think." I winced. "How do you suppose a new thing is brought into notice?"

"By advertisement, I imagine," I said, with the air of one who states the obvious.

"Yes," he admitted, "but go farther back. Who reads advertisements—with any interest, that is? Why, people who want things. Nobody at present wants iced cigarettes because they haven't thought of them. Once get the idea into men's heads that they would be good things and they'll read advertisements to find out where to buy them."

"You surprise me."

"I expected to. You would like to hear some more of my methods?"

"I should," I said. "This cigarette business strikes me as just a trifle crude, and"—I glanced round the room—"not particularly effective."

"Crudeness is one of my strong points," he replied; "when you object to it you show your ignorance of the British Public. You expect them to copy my experiment now at once. National shyness is against that. But come here to-morrow, and I'm willing to wager that at least five men will cool the ends of their cigarettes with ice."

"You see," he continued, "I have learned the commercial value of understanding customs, fads and prejudices. Take the case of the *Daily Torch*. That was one of my enterprises. It was not my paper, of course, but I prepared the public for it. One would have said there was no room for another new paper, and, in fact, there was not. I made room. I knew that the English people have a prejudice in regard to the use of newspapers for lighting fires. In all respectable establishments, one week's issue of ephemeral literature is hoarded up until the next week begins. Then, and only then, is the kitchen-maid at liberty to divert the accumulations to household purposes. Well, confident in this knowledge, I waited for the English summer. It came in November, and by marvellous luck it began on a Monday. I immediately made a corner in old newspapers. People were ready enough to sell them for good prices, because there is another British prejudice against having fires in summer, however cold it may be, and because no amount of experience to the contrary ever really convinces them that the English summer does not come to stay. Secure in the confidence that they were in for a spell of warm weather—a 'heat wave,' they called it—they sold me their stock of old newspapers. By the Thursday, the English summer had definitely broken up, and four degrees of frost drove them back to fires. There



HAPPILY EXPRESSED.

Lady Gusher. "GOOD-BYE! THANKS SO MUCH! YOUR PICTURES ARE CHARMING, AND SO UNLIKE YOUR USUAL WORK!"

was my opportunity. I placarded England with 'Buy the *Daily Torch* and Light Your Fires with it.' It went (as it should) like wild-fire. The fact that it was intended for lighting fires was sufficient to overcome the weekly-accumulation prejudice."

"But how did you keep it going?" I asked.

"There I utilised my knowledge of an ancient British custom. I knew that kitchen-maids always read the paper before they burn it, so a special appeal was made to kitchen-maids. There was a column headed 'The Daily Peer-Glass: all about Fashion and High-life,' and it caught them. After that we naturally

jumped into a circulation guaranteed to be equal to fifteen times that of any London daily."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "You work on the quiet, but you certainly don't do things by halves."

"No," he replied. "I do them by wholes and corners. Bill, waiter, please."

We understand that the article on "Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S Old Ties" which appeared in one of the papers on the occasion of the veteran's announcement of his projected withdrawal from public life, is to be followed by "Mr. BALFOUR'S Left-off Spats," and "Mr. GIBSON BOWLER'S Discarded Ducks."

AN ENTRANCE EXAMINATION PAPER.

(Set by Mr. Punch for the new National Academy of Dramatic Art.)

Candidates are recommended not to attempt to answer all the questions.

PART A.—For Male Candidates only.

1. How many times, and where, have you appeared in the title rôle of SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*?

Write down as much as you can remember of the notices, if any, which you received from the London, Suburban, or Provincial Press on such occasions.

State in what respects you consider your reading of the part superior to that of:—

(1) Sir HENRY IRVING; (2) Mr. BEERBOHM TREE; (3) Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON; (4) Mr. WILSON BARRETT.

Can you announce a visitor, bring in a telegram, and wait at lunch?

2. Which of your photographs in costume should you say was the most successful? Describe, with diagrams, the customary method of polite salutation in the time of (a) CHARLES THE SECOND; (b) QUEEN ANNE; (c) GEORGE THE THIRD; (d) the present.

Trace the variations in the etiquette of offering and accepting snuff through the reigns of the Four GEORGES. How many matches do you strike on an average before you can light a cigarette or cigar: [i] in private life; [ii] on the stage?

3. What is your favourite brand of champagne? Can you, when on the stage, affect exhilaration after quaffing a bumper of effervescing ginger ale?

4. In what part of a stage drawing-room would you place your gun when you come in through a French window for afternoon tea at the end of a day's shooting?

Supposing you are required to enter in hunting costume, after a record run over a difficult country, should you give any indication of this in your attire, and where?

5. Do you prefer to provoke your audience to tears or laughter? If the former, give some idea of the facial contortions by which you would indicate: (1) Suspense, (2) Concern, (3) Agony, (4) Horror, (5) Despair. How do you employ your hands in each case?

Have you ever performed a comic part without finding it necessary to redden your nose?

6. Has an author in your opinion any right to insist upon his lines being spoken *verbatim* so long as the general sense is retained?

Are you in the habit of making any distinction between your methods of delivering Blank Verse and Prose? How do you do it?

7. How often have you impersonated a French Marquis in Amateur Theatricals? Write down, as you would pronounce them, the words: *Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle, bon voyage, au revoir.*

PART B.—For Female Candidates only.

1. Which should you say was, on the whole, your most successful amateur creation—*Juliet, Pauline, or Polly in Caste*?

Could you throw yourself thoroughly into the part of a parlour-maid if you were required to remove all your rings, and were not allowed an apron with pockets in it?

2. Does your *forte* lie in humorous character-parts? If at any time you should have to make up as a household drudge in a farcical comedy, would you be satisfied so long as you preserved any resemblance to a civilised human being?3. How would you enter a room and sit down in the character of (1) A strong-minded Duchess, (2) a slangy schoolgirl, (3) a wealthy *parvenue*, (4) an adventuress, (5) a person in ordinary good society, (6) a meek dependant? What costume would you suggest for each of these characters? When up the stage, conversing in dumb show with some minor person in the piece, can you think of any by-play appropriate to the particular character you were representing? If so, mention it.

4. How should you indicate: (a) maidenly archness, (b) wounded pride, (c) dawning love, (d) aversion, (e) pretended indifference, (f) a breaking heart: as the heroine of, (1) a Society Drama, (2) A Problem Play, (3) A Musical Comedy?

5. Do you find that you can act just as well or better without knowing anything of the story of a play beyond the scenes in which you are personally concerned?

6. In how many seconds can you write a long and important letter on the stage? Is it necessary to write any address on the envelope?

7. Do you possess a motor-car? If you were entrusted with an *ingénue* part at a pupils' *matinée*, should you insist on all your frocks being made by your own dressmaker?

HINTS ON HATS.

(By our Millinery Expert.)

EXCELLENT advice under the heading "How to choose a Hat" is offered to the readers of the *Daily Express*, but some of the items require a little explanation for the benefit of the uninitiated. Every woman, says the *Daily Express*, should first acquaint herself with the faults or perfections of the back of her head as well as the front. We endorse this up to a certain point, but there is a risk in some cases that overstudy in this direction may lead to a general predilection for the rear aspect.

Many women, we are next told, might be called beauties if they would only realise it. This is not a common difficulty. The only obstacle which the majority has to contend with is a growing disinclination on the part of their friends to appreciate the fact.

The toque—the article goes on to remark—should always be bewitchingly perched above a saucy little nose. That is so, and this advice also applies to the Picture hat, the Early Victorian, the Capeline ombrelle,—and even the Panama is better worn above rather than below that salient point.

There are cases, we are told, when a hat is more becoming to one profile than the other, but a little trouble will obviate the discrepancy. This, however, is too vague for the general public. The only practical remedy is to buy two hats, one to suit each profile, split them down the middle and join the two desirable halves with a little fish glue and stamp paper. The remaining moieties may be similarly connected, and dispatched in one of "Gainsborough's" hat boxes, as a birthday present to a country cousin.

The girl with the wide mouth, large nose and high cheek-bones is recommended to avoid close-fitting shapes, as somewhat risky to her particular style. While concurring with this we suggest that if, in addition, the chin recedes to any extent and the eyes are inclined to goggle, a very chaste effect may be obtained by wearing a coal-scuttle bonnet (now in vogue), and the back hair elaborately coiffured. The bonnet in this case should always be worn hind side before.

First Father. And how's your little girl?*Second Father (widower)* Oh, she's a big girl now. I shall soon have to find an idiot for her. How's your son?

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE SAID TO SOMEONE ELSE.



Little Bounderby (to complete stranger, after tasting champagne). "DON'T THINK MUCH OF THIS STUFF, OLD MAN. EH, WHAT?"
Complete Stranger (who happens to be a son of the house). "THE MASTER WILL BE SORRY TO HEAR THAT, I'M SURE."

"THE S.P.G. IN NEW GUINEA."—The *Spectator*, reviewing this work, says: "This little picture-book is very instructive. There are men—a 'reclaimed cannibal' on the outside, and 'three Christian teachers' on p. 1 within—native churches and schools and village scenes." This recalls the sad case of the lady who went out for a ride on a tiger, and we are more than sorry for the three Christian teachers who are "within."



SAVING THE SITUATION.

Effie (to whom a motor-brougham is quite a novelty). "Oh, MUMMY DEAR, LOOK! THERE'S A FOOTMAN AND A BIG COACHMAN ON THE BOX, AND THERE ISN'T A HORSE OR EVEN A POST! WHAT ARE THEY THERE FOR?"

Mummy dear (not well versed in electricity and motor-mechanisms). "Well, you see, EFFIE DEAR—THE— (by a happy inspiration) BUT, DEAR, YOU'RE NOT OLD ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND."

THE VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

SOME people delight to argue and fight,
Whenever occasion arises,
Of the merits which fall to the drama and hall,
And the influence each exercises.
One tells you the play will have soon had its day—
It is only an ancient survival,
Which of course cannot hope in its dotage to cope
With its brilliant and up-to-date rival;
While the others say No! the variety show
Is only a whim of the moment,
And fashion will learn in due course to return
To SHAKESPEARE and FLETCHER and BEAUMONT;
Or new stars will arise in theatrical skies,
And the world once again will be brought to
Appreciate Art, while the Halls will depart,
As, without any question, they ought to.

Both are right—both are wrong. My opinion is strong,
After hearing the matter debated,
That the truth is the mean which is lying between
The dual extremes I have stated.
In the play-house to-be we shall certainly see
The programme that pleases the million
Will become a fresh brew of Lyceum and New,
Combined with the Met. and Pavilion.
It will have just a touch too of BESSON—not much—
And a dash of the Hippodrome's certain

To wind up the show with a turn that will go,
And ensure you a popular curtain.
It will cut matters short and best show you the sort
Of thing that will set the world humming
If I sketch you the bill which is destined to fill
Play-houses in years that are coming.

Turn one should be bright—something comic and light—
Say, costers enjoying a beano,
Just a trifle in which one might see Little TICH
Supported by Mr. DAN LENO.
Turn two—let us say, a Shakspearean play,
Boiled down, and performed by Miss TERRY,
While I think number three with advantage might be
Twenty minutes of gay *Madame Sherry*.
Then I'd have a trapeze, or some highly trained fleas,
For so fond of variety we are—
Next a scene from *Macbeth* where the dagger of death
Is prepared by the tragic Miss FREEAR;
While to follow up that, any turn would fall flat
After *Duncan's* unspeakable slaughter
But the elephants' leap when they rush down the steep
And plunge into real liquid water.

Hostess (to celebrated composer). That was a very fine march of yours.

Discontented Golfer (sotto voce). Hope he'll be more successful with his April.



A MUTUAL SACRIFICE :
OR, L'AUTEL DU LIBRE ÉCHANGE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

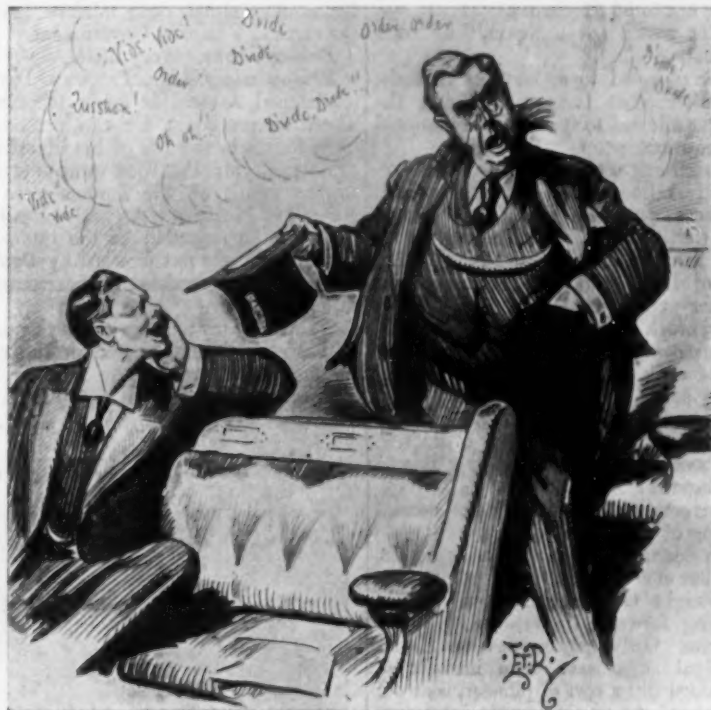
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 21.

—The Irishman's heart is the home of many fine feelings, such as love of country, of family, of home, of the traditions of a high-spirited, richly-gifted race. Most deeply seated of all is the love of order. Trained in patience born of woes that through the centuries have fallen on his distressful country, he has taught himself to bear most distasteful things. Anything approaching breach of order breaks down the barriers of his placid manner, rousing him to almost uncontrollable indignation.

All Irish Members suffer on such occasions; in the particular cases of gentlemen of the temperament of SWIFT MACNEILL and REDMOND *cadet*, horror of disorder makes them almost clamorous. Judge of their feelings just now when SEELY rose to continue debate on C.-B.'s vote of censure upon Ministers in matter of Chinese labour in the Rand, and the Chamberlainites went for him like a pack of hounds that have just nosed the scent.

SEELY objects to importation of Chinese. Claims the right of free-born Englishman rising in the very palladium of liberty to state his opinion. After indulgence in promiscuous burst of howling the gentlemen of England ranged under Unionist flag



WINSTON AND SIR TROUT.

(A Study in Deportment.)

Sir Trout. "The vulgarst expression, Sir, came from this honourable Member!"

fell into conversation. This is a little rude when one is making ordered speech. Aggravation increased by loudness of voice. As at certain stages of a drama supers at the back of the stage fall into groups of three or four and, with much gesticulation, enter into animated conversation, so the gentlemen of England on benches immediately behind that by which SEELY stood turned to each other and talked about the weather at the top of their voices.

That was the principal difference between this sudden burst of animated private talk in the House and on the stage. You don't hear what the supers, feigning conversation, say. Remarks of Honourable Members so boisterous as entirely to drown SEELY's observations. After a while up gat WINSTON CHURCHILL. In manner modified by breadth of Irish Channel, he also resents anything approaching disorder in debate. His interposition on the scene for a moment added fresh vivacity. Leaping up from side of Member for ISLE OF WIGHT, he seized him by the shoulders and forced him back into his place. Gentlemen of England looked on approvingly at what had uncommonly close resemblance to a personal assault. Only WINSTON's winning way of introducing himself to notice of SPEAKER.

"Sir," he said, the floor by this means

clear, "owing to the vulgar clamour among the Conservative Party I am quite unable to hear what my hon. friend is saying."

At the moment of course SEELY, breathless in his seat after this unexpected assault, was saying nothing. Sir TROUT obligingly supplied a remark.

"The vulgarst expression," he said, wagging his hat at WINSTON, "came from this honourable Member."

SWIFT MACNEILL sobbed aloud; REDMOND *cadet*, with hands clasped over his burning face, attempted to shut out the painful scene. Mr. FLAVIN hastily left the House in search of the four policemen who once carried him out shoulder high. They might be wanted again.

Later, PRINCE ARTHUR presenting himself at Table to wind up debate was startled by roar of contumely arising from Irish camp. "'Vide, 'vide, 'vide!' they shouted. For fully five minutes the PREMIER stood waiting for a hearing. "'Vide! 'Vide!' " roared SWIFT MACNEILL, bounding india-rubber-ball-wise on the bench, to the terror of compatriots sitting near him.

"Why didn't you enforce order for SEELY?" REDMOND *cadet* sternly asked.

PRINCE ARTHUR, the only placid person in the tumultuous scene, remarked that he had appealed for a hearing for the Member for the ISLE OF WIGHT.



RESIGNATION; OR, THE PARLIAMENTARY ST. SEBASTIAN.

"I seem to be attacked from so many quarters that in all probability this is the last time I shall address this House."—Major Seely.

REDMOND cadet, weeping for departing order, not to be comforted.

"Let SEELY speak again," he commanded.

This objected to on obvious grounds, and after some further Yahooing the PREMIER allowed to speak amid occasional interruptions.

A striking scene, likely to have prolonged influence on debate. Saxon Members perceive more clearly than ever that order is the Irishman's first law. He will have it preserved at any cost of lung power or display of the manner traditionally connected with Donnybrook Fair.

Business done.—Government, resisting vote of censure, bring up their majority to fifty-seven.

Wednesday night.—Said Mr. O'MARA just now, "I am not a lover of dogs in the abstract." What breed is a dog in the abstract?

Conversation turned upon second reading of Dogs Bill, the one ewe lamb of the Board of Agriculture as FELLOWS, who has charge of it, described it. Up to to-night Government been shy in pressing forward their legislative programme. Ordinarily on the eve of Easter principal Bills have been introduced. The Dogs Bill a sort of pioneer, sent out to prepare the way for more important measures.

Result of endeavour not wholly satisfactory. Leading provision of Bill makes it a sort of Early Closing Act for Dogs.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day, said Hamlet to his uncle.

"But," adds Uncle FELLOWS, in charge of this Bill, "his day shall close at sunset. As cycles have a lighting-up time, movable with the seasons, so dogs shall have a shutting-up time."

Between sunset and sunrise no dog may stray. As Mr. BAILEY said in moving rejection, it is introducing into dog life the principle of the South African compound.

Mr. O'MARA, turning contemplative gaze from dogs in the abstract to dogs in the concrete, almost drew tears from the clerks at the Table when he described "some poor miserable animal, the joy of a widowed home, seized by the police if it put its head out of doors at night." As for Brother WASON, he poured contempt and scorn on a Bill drafted by some feeble townsman who knew nothing of the ways of a dog with the sheep. Whilst he was instructing the Board of Agriculture in this branch of science the fingers of the clock touched half-past seven, and the Bill was talked out. Debate will have to be begun all over again on another day, with assurance that Opposition will be encouraged by temporary success.

Thus, even in connection with the household kennel, doth misfortune dog the steps of a hapless Government.

Business done.—Very little.

Friday night.—Mr. PICKWICK DAVIES (christened ALFRED) is going to prison. There is precedent for the procedure to be found in the life of his illustrious prototype. Mr. PICKWICK went to prison as the result of the famous case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*. A Passive Resister of what he regarded as the infamous demand of costs put forward by DONSON and FOOG, he submitted to incarceration rather than pay.

"You may try and try and try again," said Mr. PICKWICK, regarding the discomfited attorneys, as the Member for CARMARTHEN was accustomed to look



MR. PICKWICK IN THE POUND.

(Mr. Alfred Davies as a Passive Resister refuses to pay something in the pound.)

across the floor at the ex-Colonial Secretary smiling on the Treasury Bench; "but not one farthing of costs or damages do you ever get from me if I spend the rest of my existence in a debtor's prison."

Our Mr. PICKWICK's approaching retirement does not arise in connection with a breach of promise case, or as the result of counter-machinations on the part of Don Josef. Convinced of the iniquity of the rate levied under the recent Act for the support of denominational education, he has refused to pay it. An unsympathetic Bench gave him a fortnight to think the matter over. If at the termination of that date he is still recalcitrant he will be haled to prison, perhaps have his hair cut.

This prospect to be realised in mid-holiday season, whilst other legislators are enjoying themselves in town or country. The Member for CARMARTHEN

faces his fate with the serene dignity, the unconquerable courage, with which in an earlier age JOHN HAMPTON resisted demand for ship-money.

Business done.—Private Members'.

MORE AUTHENTIC BLUNDERS.

SIR,—In my new book on MATTHEW ARNOLD, in a quotation from the poem on Kensington Gardens, the compositor originally set one of the best known lines as follows:—

How thick the tremulous sheep cries "Come!"

G. W. E. R.

SIR,—Considering how much more sympathetic one's mother is than one's father, might not the line in *Shakespeare* be finally altered in the new edition to

An eye like Pa's, to threaten and command?

A WISE CHILD.

SIR,—Strange are the vagaries of memory. A recent experience of my own comes, I think, under the heading of Authentic Blunders. I had been learning COLERIDGE's *Kubla Khan* for recitation at a *Daily Express* smoking concert; but try as I would I could not make my tongue say anything but:—

Where ALF, the *Daily Mailer*, ran,
With brothers numberless to man,
Down to a bunless tea.

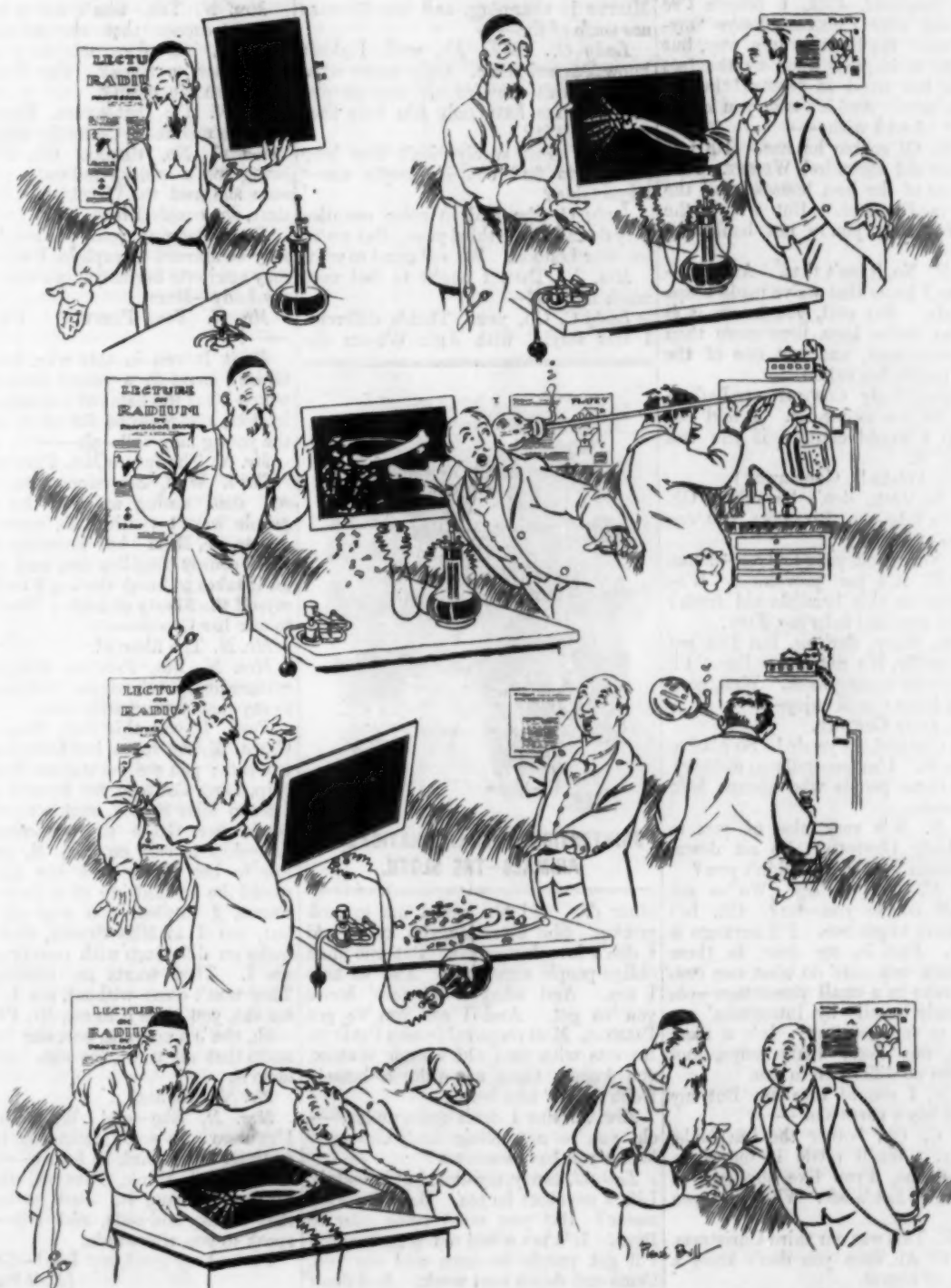
C. A. P.

"BOOKS OF THE WEEK."—Frequently as we see this announcement, yet invariably it is noticeable that the principal books of the week are omitted, which, undoubtedly, are—*The Butcher's Book*, *The Baker's Book*, *The Greengrocer's Book*, and *The Washing Book*. These indeed are the books of the week.

IN PREPARATION FOR THE WAY BY ROAD TO EPSOM, ASCOT, AND GOODWOOD.—Re-opening in new quarters, as advertised, of "Kensington Coaching College." Instructions given by a staff of experienced whips selected from the House. Lessons on the Post-horn by one of a Regiment of Guards always present.

A FIRST FRUIT OF HIS MISSION.—Marquis Iro has been decorated by the Korean EMPEROR with "the Plum Blossom."

It is an old proverb, "Don't reckon without your host." But if I have a host, say at a restaurant, I don't want any reckoning. Should the bill be presented (by mistake) to me, I refer, most politely, to my host. I am the guest. Explain this wise saw to yours truly, a
"MODERN INSTANCE."



"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"; OR, A LECTURE ON RADIUM.

DOMESTIC DRAMA.

THE GOD IN THE PANTRY.

Mrs. Newland. JACK, I believe I've found out why PARKYNS always 'my-lady's' me. He likes us in a way, but he wants to impress upon us the fact that he has lived in 'better' houses than we have. And it's true, you know. He has! And I wish—

Mr. N. Of course he has. He was with that old scoundrel WESSEX. And that's one of the best houses—and the worst—in England. But what's the matter? Surely you're not hankering after—?

Mrs. N. No, it isn't that. And yet—of course I know that we've made heaps of friends. But still, you know, it is true that we've been here more than three years now, and not one of the county people has called.

Parkyns. Lady COWFOLD, my Lady—Mum. In her motor-car. I told her ladyship I would enquire if you was at home, 'M.

Mr. N. Yoicks! Gone away!

Mrs. N. JACK, don't be silly! Oh, why didn't I—yes, PARKYNS; you can say I am at home.

Park. Very good, your Ladyship—Mum.

Mrs. N. It's too provoking. Why did I put on this horrible old frock? you must stay and help me, JACK.

Mr. N. Sorry, darling, but I've got to—no, really, it's not in my line. I'll slip into your sitting-room. Well, good luck. I hope you'll enjoy—

Park. Lady COWFOLD.

Lady Cowfold. D'ye do! So glad to find you in. I'm generally so unlucky. One of those people who always hold black hands.

Mrs. N. It's very nice of you to come, Lady COWFOLD. Do sit down. You came in your motor, didn't you?

Lady C. One of 'em. We've got five. Of course you—no? Oh, but you'll have to get one. I'll arrange it for you. Fact is, my dear, in these hard times one mus' do what one can. And I rake in a small percentage—oh, ridiculously small—by introducin' my friends to my pet firm. It's a mere nothing, but every little helps, and it'll make no difference to you.

Mrs. N. I should love to. But my husband has a particular—

Lady C. Oh, bother the husbands, my dear. We'll settle it ourselves. Now, tell me, d'you like our part of the world? Let's see. When did you come?

Mrs. N. This was our third Christmas.

Lady C. Ah, then you don't know a soul yet, of course.

Mrs. N. Oh, well, several people have—

Lady C. Huh! The MARTYNS, I s'pose, and the RYMPLES, and those double-

barrelled people, the whatstheirnames, and the MOSENBURGERS and all that lot.

Mrs. N. But I like them. *Mrs. MARTYN* is charming, and the RYMPLES are some of the—

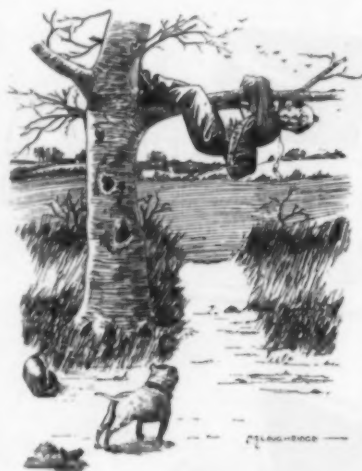
Lady C. Yes? Ah, well, I don't know 'em moi-même. Only know what I hear. But they're all new people. The RYMPLES have only bin here four years, ain't it?

Mrs. N. But surely—isn't that long enough to find out if people are—respectable?

Lady C. I'm told in some counties they do call in the third year. But we're too near London. We're bound to wait.

Mrs. N. Then I ought to feel very much flattered—

Lady C. Oh, you. That's different. I was stayin' with JANE WESSEX the



UNINTENTIONAL IMPERSONATIONS OF ANIMALS—THE SLOTH.

other day, and she asked me to look you up. She hates me, you know, and I don't love her much. But one must oblige people sometimes. And so here I am. And what a charmin' house you've got. And I see you've got PARKYNS. Most respectable man PARKYNS. He was with that old wretch WESSEX, you know. Gave me quite a homely feelin', seein' him here.

Mrs. N. But I don't quite understand, you're not going, Lady COWFOLD? Won't you have some tea?

Lady C. Sorry, my dear, but I mustn't. Life's too short for tea. May I have my motor? But you must come over to Byne. It's not a bad old pig-stye, and I'll get people to come and see you. Come and dance next week. And don't have too much to do with the MARTYN lot. I'm an old woman, and I've seen a good bit of the world, and if you take my advice, you'll drop 'em. Ah, here's

PARKYNS. 'Member me, PARKYNS? Well, *au revoir*. Now mind you come.

Mr. N. She gone?

Mrs. N. Yes. She's not a bad old frump, except that she abused the MARTYNS. But, JACK, who do you think asked her to come? The WESSEXES. What can she mean?

Mr. N. H'm, that's rum. There must be some mistake. Certainly neither of us—tea? No, thanks. Oh, PARKYNS, bring me a whisky-and-soda. You're sure she said the WESSEXES? But, my dear, she couldn't have.

Park. Begging your pardon, Sir, if I may be allowed to explain, I think you may attribute her ladyship's visit to me, my Lady—Mum.

Mr. N. You, PARKYNS! What the—!

Park. It was in this way, Sir. Her Grace's maid is a young person with whom I has the habit of corresponding. In fact, I may go so far as to say that the young lady will—ah—

Mr. N. The future Mrs. PARKYNS?

Park. Well, Sir, since you—exactly so. And seeing as how the county people wasn't visiting us, and—you'll excuse me, Mum—but knowing as I do what county families are, and what a lot it takes to break the ice, I took upon myself the liberty of asking Miss SIMCOX to ask her Grace—

Mr. N. The liberty!

Mrs. N. But, PARKYNS, this is most extraordinary behaviour. Do you mean to say that you actually—

Park. It was this way, Mum. Her Grace, 'M, she hates her Ladyship, like two cats; you see she wanted his Lordship, Lord COWFOLD, for herself, and so I ses to Miss SIMCOX, couldn't you persuade her Grace to recommend her Ladyship to call on you, 'M, pretending to her Grace that her Ladyship would be committing of a *fo-pa*? Of course, I knowed you was all right, but, ses I to Miss SIMCOX, that don't make no difference with county people, ses I. They wants an introduction. They won't come without, ses I. And, ses she, you leave it to me, Mr. PARKYNS,—oh, she's a cunning one, she is. I'll make that all right, ses she. And she done it.

Mr. N. She has!

Mrs. N. She—oh! Well, PARKYNS, I'm sure you acted from the best of motives, but I think in future—

Mr. N. I think, PARKYNS, that in future—oh, hang it. Just go and get that whisky-and-soda, and I'll—I'll—speak to you afterwards.

Park. Very good, my Lord—Sir.

[Exit PARKYNS.]

Mrs. N. Quite a sort of a CRICHTON, isn't he, JACK?

Mr. N. H'm, yes, and a dashed sight too Admirable for me!

CHARIVARIA.

THE latest development of the campaign against Music Hall sketches is that the ballet is threatened, and many ladies may be thrown out of work at a time when their age will render it difficult for them to obtain other employment.

It is falsely rumoured that the Government, alarmed by the result of recent Elections, is about to make a bold bid for the Radical vote by a big surrender of English rights to France.

The International Dress Exhibition at the Crystal Palace contains a most complete historical section, starting with the leaves in the garden, and finishing up, inside the building, with the latest creation of WORK. It is exceedingly interesting to trace how dress, originally scanty, for a time increased in scope, and then fell away again to the modern evening dress.

Meanwhile the tendency among the sterner sex seems to be to rise superior to clothes altogether. A man charged with drunkenness at Liverpool last week tore his garments to shreds, and faced the magistrate in his shirt; while, at the Clerkenwell County Court, Judge Edge had to rebuke a solicitor for appearing before him unrobed.

The anti-corset movement is said to be spreading to officers of the Guards.

The Municipal Council of Holborn having illuminated with gas the transparent face of the church clock of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, the installation was on March 20 solemnly inaugurated by the Mayor. It is also whispered that a new wire litter-box affixed to a lamp-post will shortly be publicly unveiled, and started on its career of usefulness by the insertion of a mayoral speech.

THE PRIME MINISTER has been asked to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the causes [of the recent great increase of lunacy in Great Britain. We are afraid that the Education Act is responsible for much of it—especially in Wales.

The rumour that the Czar intends to end the War in Japanese territory has again been revived. We can only repeat that Japan has no intention of annexing Russian soil.

Last year there was a decrease in the consumption of whisky in this country to the extent of 1,600,000 gallons. This is the biggest drop that has occurred since the year that followed the death of JANE CAKEBREAD.

It never rains but it pours. Only a fortnight ago we drew attention to the way in which our profession was looking up, a Baronet having made some jokes. We now have the honour to announce that last week, at Gibraltar, His Majesty the German EMPEROR was graciously pleased to make two Royal and Imperial jokes.

The fact, elicited in a recent cause

Internal Disorders in the Church.

A HIGH-TONED evening paper publishes an advertisement headed as follows:—

BACK TO THE PULPIT.

What Food did for a Clergyman.

Mr. Punch declines to mention what food it was that "did for" the clergyman; and he cannot help thinking that it would be in better taste if respectable papers drew a veil over these lapses in clerical life, whether due to food or drink.



Lady Maud. "DO YOU THINK IT'S UNLUCKY TO BE MARRIED ON A FRIDAY, SIR JOHN?"
Sir John (confirmed bachelor). "CERTAINLY. BUT WHY MAKE FRIDAY AN EXCEPTION?"

celebre, that "treating" is done upon a large scale by a certain Detective Agency renders it necessary to state that SLATER'S Restaurants are a distinct concern.

The Opposition must not be caught napping. The Bill introduced by Mr. WALTER LONG with a view to stopping the depredations of prowling dogs is undoubtedly an attempt to deprive a certain section of the population of the benefits of free food.

THERE was a young lady of Spain
Who couldn't go out in the rain;
For she'd lent her umbrella
To Queen ISABELLA,
Who never returned it again.

"THE TEACHING OF ERSE IN IRELAND."—
"Well," says 'ARRY, "it sounds uncommon funereal. O' course I knew an Erse and plumes and coal-black 'esses is what they call a 'moral lesson.' But why make such a fuss about it in Ireland?"

CONVERSATION FOR COMBATANTS.

["In the preparations for War the Japanese seem to have left nothing undone to contribute to the smooth working of the Army and Navy. A pocket Russo-Japanese dictionary, styled the *Nichi-ro Gungyo Shu-chin Kaika*, in which terms relating to naval and military affairs are chiefly noted, was published last month. It is proposed to present about 50,000 volumes to the naval and military authorities. In relations of any kind with the enemy the Japanese will find such a volume most useful."—*Rear-Admiral Isatani* in the "Daily Telegraph."]

Mr. Punch, strongly approving the wisdom of the above proposal, ventures to go one better, and present to the belligerents a companion volume in the form of a pocket manual of Russo-Japanese conversation suitable to the circumstances. He appends a few extracts:—

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

- (i.) Be so good as to direct me to the scene of hostilities.
- (ii.) I am myself a stranger in these parts.
- (iii.) The battle has commenced.
- (iv.) I find the noise very fatiguing.
- (v.) They are about to fire their guns.
- (vi.) I am unable to remain longer.

ON BOARD SHIP.

- (i.) How many times has the fleet been destroyed?
- (ii.) Pray be careful of the mines.
- (iii.) That is a fine vessel of the enemy.
- (iv.) Here are some torpedoes.
- (v.) I thank you, I have already sufficient.
- (vi.) At what o'clock does the ship sink?

THE ARMISTICE.

- (i.) What cold weather we are having!
- (ii.) How did you leave the {CZAR
MIKADO}?
- (iii.) I trust that the Imperial family is well?
- (iv.) Have you seen Mr. TREE in *The Darling of the Gods*?
- (v.) No, but I saw him in *Resurrection*.
- (vi.) I am delighted to have met you.

THE PRESS.

- (i.) Where is the War Correspondent?
- (ii.) We have cut off his head.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In a modest little volume Mr. ARTHUR BENSON presents a singularly able and informing study of the *Life of Alfred Tennyson* (METHUEN). He describes his object as threefold: to give a simple narrative of the career of one of the most interesting personages of the Nineteenth Century; to present in TENNYSON'S own words and writings his view of the poetical life and character; and to indicate the chief characteristics of his art. The threefold design, deftly woven, has been fully accomplished. Mr. BENSON makes due acknowledgment to assistance derived from the Memoir the present Lord TENNYSON wrote of his father. Having read both, my Baronite prefers the lesser volume. Its author has skimmed the cream off pails of milk wherever he has found them. The result is an enlightening, comprehensive review of an interesting life, immortal work. Mr. BENSON has the gift of illustrating by a sentence a phase or a character. Of TENNYSON'S lamentable excursions into playwriting he says: "It was as though a musician who had reached almost perfection on the violin took up at threescore the practice of the organ." And what can be better than his characterisation of JOWETT: "The refrigerator of timid conversationalists."

The latest novel by Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, entitled *As We*

Forgive Them (F. V. WHITE), is rather suggestive of the KIPLING refrain, once so popular, "Lest we forget." With this inspiration of poet KIPLING'S, as *Jabberjee* would style him, Mr. LE QUEUX'S melodramatic romance has, however, nothing in common. It is an absorbing story; the reader is plunged into mystery after mystery, deeper and deeper, and in the profoundest depth there is ever a depth profounder still. The most experienced novel-plot detective will find himself hopelessly, helplessly, in the dark, until WILLIAM LE Q. appears with his search-light. If, after one straight-through reading of this strange story, an entire class had to pass an examination in it, the Baron would much like to read the answers given by the competitors. Of one thing he is certain: that the prize would not be awarded to him. He is afraid he would come out among the last on the list, even though he were not quite such a goose as to be plucked. But be it understood that the Baron recommends this romance to all who like their literary compounds hot, strong, and not overspiced.

The first volume of the "Literary Lives Series," edited by Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, published by HODDER AND STOUGHTON, is contributed by Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL, who takes MATTHEW ARNOLD as his subject. We are told that the series is intended to "furnish biographical and critical studies of well-known authors of all countries." As far as biographical details are forthcoming, in the way of personal touches revealing character, Mr. RUSSELL has confined himself to four pages at the end of the volume. It is well done, but strikes my Baronite as a little inadequate. It is a mere penn'orth of bread to the inordinate quantity of sack the author sympathetically provides under the heading *Theology*. Out of a volume of two hundred and sixty-nine pages he devotes fifty-four to this topic.

So much being assigned to this alluring topic, Mr. RUSSELL has hardly anything to say about that slim volume of verse on which for some, possibly misguided, people the fame of MATTHEW ARNOLD is most surely established. These grumblers will scarcely find compensation in the circumstance, testified to on the personal authority of the biographer, that ARNOLD "used with great solemnity and deliberation to turn to the East at the Creed in Harrow School Chapel where the clergy neglected to do so." Doubtless ARNOLD was half-bantering when he wrote of the Young WENYER, happily still with us in the House of Lords, "Everybody knows Lord ELCHO'S personal appearance and how admirably he looks the part of our governing classes." Designedly or accidentally, Mr. RUSSELL succeeds in showing that, side by side with his iterated dislike and contempt of the middle class, ARNOLD cherished love for a lord marvellous in a man of his intellectual altitude.

The Baron heartily compliments Mrs. MARY STUART BOYD on *The Man in the Wood* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). Her very original heroine is most captivating, and every character in the attractive story, which is told with true artistic simplicity, is finely conceived and drawn with a firm touch. One point of contact there is with *Great Expectations* by CHARLES DICKENS, and that is at the commencement, where *Veka*, out of pure pity, helps the escaped convict much in the way that *Pip*, terrorised, assisted the fugitive in the marshes who asked him, "You know what wittles is?" The Baron unhesitatingly commends and recommends this work of Mrs. BOYD'S.

